

14/10 '79 Tuffvoortstraat 32. Naarden
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I Dear Miss Parlow

To begin with, do you remember me? I'm the boy who came to you during the "Pause" of your concert at Bussum, in my function as admirer, young whist-player and reporter of the "Gooi- en Eemlander", the biggest journal of the "Gooi", the journal, which is read by Hilversum - Bussum - Blaricum - Raven - Naarden a. s. o. We had concluded, that I should write you, what days I'm free. These are Thursday - Friday - Sunday - Monday and so on. I'll take with me my Cagliano and the report of your concert. And now I am writing, till you have the goodness to write me what days ^{and what time} you want me to come. I'm building you politely good-bye. Yours truly, Frans Re Coulter.

I excuse me when this is too intimate, but I don't know any other expression and I have no dictionary at home.

